

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is posing on a white staircase. She is wearing a white lace-trimmed bodysuit with thin straps and white high-heeled shoes. A colorful towel is draped over her left shoulder. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera.

IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
LEG SHOW,
ON SALE
FEBRUARY 27th:
THE ISSUE
OF PANTIES

NUMBER ONE IN THE WORLD

LEG SHOW

MARCH, 1992 \$4.95 U.S. \$6.95 CANADA

6'3" AMAZON
KICKS ASS!



UNTAMED FEET
Dirty & Dominant





LEG FORUM

GIRL SKATES OF AMERICA

Dear LEG SHOW:

Do you know how kinky and damaging roller skates can be? Well I do. I live in an apartment in Venice Beach, California for the summer, and skating is a big thing here. A couple of doors down from me there are three foxy looking girls with dynamite legs, tanned skin, and nice asses who work at an outside car wash. They wear uniforms to work, which consist of short-shorts, tank tops, white socks, and white roller skates with red wheels. They actually work on skates when drying off the cars and they are good on their skates. They are about 19 or 20 years old.

One day I went to the car wash and I complained to the manager that one girl had scratched my car with her skate and she got her ass chewed out for it. The next morning all three were skating by to work when I yelled out the window a silly remark about my getting scratched and they got very mad. At that point they were on the sidewalk in front of my apartment. There is a grassy area with a group of flat type bushes in front of my apartment and one girl with long blonde hair got up on the two front wheels of her skates and the little front bumper and began stomping on the bushes. The other two brunettes did the same thing for a while. The grassy area was soft from some rain

a couple of days before and after tearing up the bushes with their skates they sunk their skate wheels into the soft ground, making it look like the moon. Nothing but holes in the ground. As all this was going on I was getting horny as hell watching three pretty girls in shorts and skates tear up my front yard. They said that they were going to do this to me if I ever did anything to them, and skated off to work.

The next day they were skating by again and I came out to talk to them. I invited them in to my apartment to talk about the matter. After they came in I scolded them again and this pissed them off very much. At that point events got kinky as hell. One brunette and the blonde grabbed me and took my clothes off and made me lie on the wood floor. The other brunette said, "Let's make him come." Two girls held me down and the brunette grabbed my cock and began stroking like shit. As she was jerking me off she was standing on her skates and she began to roll back a little with my cock still in her hand. As she stopped suddenly her leg muscles flexed, including her sexy calves with my cock still in her hand. At that moment a little cum began to come out. The final event was so kinky I don't think any guy would have come as hard as I did.

The other brunette said she wanted to grease up her skates and sat down on the floor in front of me with short-shorts and her skates.

She grabbed my cock and started rubbing it against her skates. She rubbed it against every part of both skates, including the wheels, the little stopper at the front, the heel, and even the laces while the other girls were stooping down on their skates to watch. After some cum came out on her wheels they flipped me over on my stomach, face down. They began to run their wheels over my back. Finally big wads of cum came out and they rolled in that, too.

I was so embarrassed, but it was fun as shit. Before they left they flipped me back over, face up and wiggled their little asses at me, and then left. Thank God!

E.G.

MAN UNDER FOOT

Dear LEG SHOW:

I just had the biggest turn-on last week with my girlfriend. I'm 23 and she is 20 years old and she works at a fast food style restaurant on the boardwalk in the summer. The dress code is very casual so she wears a cute little white halter top and the sexiest leest up short-shorts. She is very tan and she has long dark hair and beautiful long legs. She usually wears white socks and wooden high heeled sandals to work.

A while back she acquired a pair of white 4" spike heeled shoes for dress. I told her to be daring one

day and wear the spiked heeled shoes to work as a bet. The next day she showed up at my apartment while I was still in bed. She has a key to my apartment and on the way to work she stops by for coffee. That morning I was in bed naked because that's the way I sleep in the summer. I was lying face down on the bed and I heard the front door open and the clicking of her high heels down the hallway. I looked up in the doorway and saw her standing there in those sexy short-shorts, white socks, and those hot 4" white spike heeled pumps. These shoes have the long silver spike, the kind of spike that puts holes in everything. She was standing by my bed when she saw a sheet of Kleenex over my bed on a shelf that she wanted. She looked like one hot dangerous bitch in that outfit and high heels.

I told her to stand on the bed to get them while I was still lying there naked. The shelf is very high so I told her to leave her heels on for height. She was standing over me on the bed, but needed about another 1" or 2" to get to the shelf. She then said jokingly, "I ought to stand on you." So I told her to go ahead. She put one foot on first and at that moment when I felt the spike begin to dig into my skin I almost came all over the bed. This foxy babe a moment later was standing on me with those short-shorts and spike heels while I was lying naked, spread eagle on the bed.

As she was standing on me she began to joke by wiggling her little ass and poking up her legs and dancing. I had one hell of a time trying to keep from jerking off. She then began to pick me with her spikes. At that time her spike heels were real close to my ass and she pretended one of her heels got stuck in my butt. She was still standing on me and was twisting her spike heel in my ass, pretending to try to get it out. I then began to squirt little drops of cum out on the bed. She then dug it in deeper and then pulled it out and stepped forward to my back again.

A minute later she stepped off me and went to my closet, but I didn't know why. Then a hit me—I collect old cowboy items and she pulled out a set of spurs. She knew how to rig them up to her spiked heels and



stepped up onto the bed again. She then sat on me and began picking me with the spurs. At that moment big ropes of cum came out of me on the bed. After about five minutes she stood on top of me again and stepped down, rolling the spur across my ass and then grazing the spike heel over it, too. She told me after she got done with me I was going to look like swiss cheese.

Finally she got off me, but still stood on the bed. What a mess. The bed was saturated with cum, there were little holes in the sheets from the spikes, and I was laying there completely nude, face down with her heel marks all over me. The gorgeous long legged fox stood over me with her head held high, hand on her hips wearing a skimpy white halter top, sexy short-shorts, white socks, and 4" spike heels and said, "I'll be back tomorrow." She then said her heels were dirty from all this and ran her spikes down through the crack of my ass to clean them off. A final drop of cum came out. Her final words were, "You're my new doormat."

Doormat

HOME-COMING

Dear Dian:

My wife, Sandy and I were very pleased to read the letter from E.R. from Great Britain in the Sept. '91 issue of LEG SHOW. You put some of Sandy's photos in your Home Photos issue, but we have never seen any others from England before.

E.R.'s story of meeting her husband off a flight reminded us of a fantastic experience Sandy had while waiting for me to arrive from New York about 6 months ago. She always meets me wearing her black 5" heels, black Hanes nylon stockings, and black satin basque. She never wears panties and always wears just her silver fox fur coat over the top. She knows that after a week or so alone, and spending a few hours shopping for her Hanes nylons for her that I will be really randy. The sight of her standing there waiting for me with the light glinting off her shiny nylons is usually too much and as I approach she always manages to turn quickly

and allow the coast to fall open to give me a break. When we reach the car in the car park we usually have to fuck immediately and we drive the 50 miles home with her lying across the front seat of the car sucking my cock. Many times track drivers have honked their horns as we passed them on the Motorway when they have looked down at Sandy's black nylon clad legs with my hand between them.

Anyway, a few months ago Sandy came to collect me from the airport only to find when she got to the arrivals that my plane was to be one hour late. She hung around the gate for a while and was the recipient of many admiring glances from various men hanging around the gate also. She went over to buy a magazine and was followed by two very macho looking guys in jeans and T-shirts with very short hair and heavily tattooed arms.

Normally Sandy would never have been seen dead talking to those sort of guys, but when she went to the bar for a drink and they followed her and offered to buy her a drink she became very turned on. After all, she was walking around half naked under her satin lined fur coat and she was working himself up to fuck me after being apart for a week.

The guys were waiting for their two girlfriends to come back from Mallorca and their flight was also delayed. The talk soon got around to what Sandy was wearing and they made it known to her that they had caught a glimpse of her open crotch when she had reached the magazine and they knew how little she was wearing.

Sandy excused herself to go to the ladies room and sure enough, as she had hoped, they followed her. She went to a quiet part of the airport and found the ladies toilet and went in. The guys quickly followed and went with her into one of the stalls. She dropped her coat to reveal her black underwear. Their hands were all over her and she could feel their bulges pushing against her. She sat down on the toilet and unzipped their pants.

Their cocks sprang out and she took them in her hands and pulled them toward her face. Sandy loves sucking cock and the chance to suck two huge cocks at the same time was the answer to her fantasy. She



sucked them alternately deep into her throat and fondled and squeezed their balls. They ran their hands up and down her silky nylon covered legs and stroked and squeezed her nipples.

They brought her to a kneeling position on the toilet and one fucked her from behind while the other one fucked her mouth. She was in there for about thirty minutes with them and they both came in her mouth and cunt.

When they had gone she cleaned herself up and repaired her make-up and hair just in time to meet me coming out of customs. As usual I was hot as hell to see her and I noticed that she looked particularly wild and ravishing, more so than usual. I got her to the car which was parked in a quiet corner of the garage and pulled apart her coat to feast my eyes on her body. I crawled on top of her and thrust my cock into her. Her cunt was really sticky and hot as a furnace. My cock was rock hard and as I started to fuck her she told me what had happened to her. She took her time telling me and I came three times inside her, each time staying rock hard as she whispered the little details to me about the two cocks she had had only some thirty minutes previously.

On the way home she sucked me off while I roached across and stroked her nylon covered legs. Every now and then I would put my fingers into her cunt which was soaking wet.

We have had many a good fuck since then remembering what happened. We would love to hear from B.R. and any other of your readers.

John & Sandy
P.O. Box 1225
Ascot
Berk.
SL5 0LL
England

FRIENDLY FEET

Dear Diane:

I am a young female, 22, with long black hair and a 37-25-35 figure. My name is Melissa and I have been reading LEG SHOW now for two years. Although many men find me attractive I have always been sexually attracted to other women. What may seem even more strange is that I have an unbelievable fetish for other women's feet. Just the thought of kissing two soft, curvy, and well pedicured female feet drenches my panties. I read in one of your LEG TALK editorials ("Why Women Hate Feet") about how foot-fetishism is almost exclusively a male libidinal. Although female feet may not send very many women into an orgasmic frenzy like it does to me, I've noticed that lately many women constantly fuss over their and other women's feet. Pretty feet are becoming more and more a priority with women, and like me the first thing they notice on another woman is her feet and her shoes.

As for me, I have always been turned on by the pungent smell of bare feet sweating in leather pumps or flats all day. One of my girlfriends was very self-conscious about her feet (the way they looked, smelled, etc.) and I always told her she had beautiful feet and that they just needed a little attention. I would point her toenails for her and give her lengthy foot massages, occasionally "accidentally" brushing my nose across her tender soles or between her toes. She commented

on how badly her feet must smell, because I would always pump her feet "coincidentally" at the end of the day when her feet had been sweating in her leather flats for hours on end. I didn't tell her that this was no coincidence—she had the most delicious smell to her feet. Whenever she would say how her feet must stink, I would place one of her warm, soft, bare soles in my face, with my nose planted between two of her toes, and take an unusually long and deep whiff. I would casually say "They smell just fine," but in reality my already soggy cunt was throbbing. I tried desperately to hide my arousal, but one afternoon I just couldn't contain myself any longer.

After about a month of foot pampering my girlfriend, Sherri, said she wanted to "make it up to me" by taking me shopping. We spent the entire Saturday walking around the mall, to each department store, looking at blouses, skirts, and pumps. Then, as a gag, Sherri pulled me into a lingerie shop. She led me to the back, and when no one was looking, she hoisted up her skirt to reveal a pair of crotchless panties she was wearing. She giggled and asked, "What do you think?" I couldn't believe what I did next. I responded with, "I think I want you," and led her into one of the dressing rooms. The store was pretty empty and the dressing room was real private with a large curtain so no one could see in. We were both real nervous, but I could tell she was as horny as I was.

I lifted her skirt and ran my hand across her soft rear end. I then got real bold and placed my hand deep inside her crack and inserted a finger deep inside her hot musky anus while flicking her clit with another finger. She gasped and then gyrated her hips to the movements of my agile fingers. She began to bring her face closer to mine and ran her tongue along my lips. We slowly sank to the floor, moaning.

When I had Sherri on her back, my fingers slid inside her anus and cunt. I lifted her legs so that the bottoms of her toes were inches from my face. I quickly pulled off her well worn leather flats to expose her plump little toes and soft bare soles. Her toenails were hot pink and the untamed feminine smell of her

sweaty bare feet sent me over the edge. I buried my face in her soft pink soles, forcing my nose between each and every delicious toe, inhaling uncontrollably. I kept one of her feet in my face and put the other up under my cunt and between my thighs. I slipped Sherri's toes under my panties and there was this tremendous slurping sound as my drenched and ready labia started to invite those toes deep inside me. I thought Sherri would find this odd, but she was in so much pleasure from fucking my fingers that she actually began wiggling her toes inside me until my cunt pulsed so wildly I thought it would swallow her entire foot. By the time I removed her other foot from my face we were both heaving in exhaustion and were a little embarrassed. We quickly fixed ourselves up and left the lingerie shop and the mall behind us.

Although Sherri doesn't talk about this incident anymore, I still pamper her feet for her, except now I don't have to hide my desire to bury my face in them. Occasionally I place one of her feet into my cunt, and she willingly lets me bring myself to a climax. Thank you, LEG SHOW, for making me feel "normal" about my wildly uncontrollable fetish.

Melissa

Indian Rocks Beach, Fla.

NURSE CURSE

Dear LEG SHOW:

I picked up my first issue of LEG SHOW in April '91, and when I came to the pictorial featuring Jasmine I actually lost my breath for a few moments until I was able to determine it really was not Diane, a girl I had met and had a most incredible experience with almost three years ago.

About LEG SHOW—it's absolutely the best. If I could only buy one magazine this would be it.

About Diane—due to the result of a car accident I was put in the hospital for two weeks with the entire upper portion of my body in traction, unable to move my arms and neck. After about a week of being sponge bathed and being assisted with the bed pan by a cranky old nurse with the bedside

manner of a drill sergeant, I was truly miserable. In the following week there was a shift change among the nurses and I thought, at first, my prayers had been answered. My new nurse, Diane, was a tall, beautiful blonde with what appeared to be a terrific figure (like Jasmine).

As she went about her duties I could not help but undress her with my eyes and think about what it would be like to fuck her, but soon had to stop for fear of getting an embarrassing hard-on, which I had no way of covering up. She had apparently unbuttoned a few of the buttons on her uniform and as she leaned over me to bathe me I got a full glimpse of her pretty french laced demi-bra and her wonderfully deep cleavage. I could not control my thoughts and my cock jumped up like a giant tent pole under the sheets. Diane just smiled and giggled in a shy sort of way, but said nothing. As she was leaving the room she bent down to pick up the dirty sheets and in doing so her uniform stretched tight enough to reveal the outline of her garter straps, which just drove me crazy. It seemed I stayed hard the rest of the day from the constant thought of seeing to rest my stiff rod between her legs, but instead had to suffer the frustration of not being able to get my hands free to jerk off and relieve the ever mounting pressure.

The next day it became clear what a tormenting bitch Diane really was. As she entered the room I immediately saw the shape of her uniform. It was much shorter, tighter, and her beautiful legs clad in white seamed stockings were mounted in tall heels instead of the usual hospital flats she had worn the day before.

As she went about her duties it seemed she made an effort to stretch just enough for me to see the tops of her stockings and garter belt clips. Needless to say my throbbing tent pole was holding up the sheet again and each time she would look at it she would just giggle and go on with what she was doing. This time she bent over to pick up the dirty sheets and I did it straight leaped from the waist and her uniform hiked up far enough to not only

(continued on page 43)

FOOT NOTES



6 LEG SHOW



Not about going on to outrage me right now, fern, so I'll just pass along some things that came in the mail and a few requests.

Annual Miss America time I received an article that mentioned it is a tradition during the parade on the eve of the Miss America Pageant for the commentators to show the crowd their shoes. That's right, they have gone on for years, and apparently was originally originated by the fans who have the parade route! The article went on to say that pageant officials have tried to stamp out this tradition in recent years, but this year they gave in to growing pressure and let the commentators please the crowd. The commentators, who were riding in the back seats of convertibles, all put the shoe up on the backs of the front seats, turning the parade into an unbuttoned leg show. Do you really imagine it was just the shoes these quarter of a million fans wanted to see?

Al McGraw, once an actress, mentioned in a recent tell all autobiography that Salvador Dalí re-viewed her to his head and immediately began sucking her butt. What was most interesting was that the book reviewer writing the article considered this the high point of the book.

On a measuring note, the man being tried for receiving two porno mags through the mail, who I wrote about in the July 1991 issue, though found guilty, was given only a very short probation and fined \$1. The judge chastised all those involved in the case and called it a waste of taxpayer's money. Still, the man's name will however be connected with fetish porn in his conservative Southern community and the fact that he could be arrested for ordering magazines through the mail is frightening.

More frightening is what's come in the aftermath of the Judge Clarence Thomas sex harassment investigation. To refresh your memory, Thomas was the Supreme Court candidate who on the eve of his swearing in was accused of sexually harassing a female associate in his law practice. Much of the woman's testimony revolved around pornography. Thomas reportedly viewed and described to her his own private adobe he might have made a poor choice in that man who harassed a co-worker? No, his choices to attack pornography is a speech just before the swearing in, Bush declared an all-out war on what he called "The horror" of pornography, apparently making the connection that evil pornography got hold of poor Clarence and made him do what he did, just like they accuse drugs of corrupting our youth. This is the same kind of blame-the-victim-should-fantasy used by gay control advocates, and that is so loved by those who don't want to look within themselves and our race, crippled society to understand human problems.

It's so comforting to point the finger at something that can't talk back, rather than at that most sacred American institution, the family, where sociologists, psychologists and sociologists, generally agree emotional incest begins.

So Bush plans to allocate even more money to wipe out pornography, and he plans to concentrate on mail order. Seeing how our U.S. Postal Service is run as a super controlling para-military organization it makes sense to deputize them in this misguided holy war. They're only too happy to swoop in our mail and run sting operations by sending enforcements to buy porn, thus turning you in if you buy there too. Beware, readers, hard times ahead.

Something they probably won't grab you for buying in the mail is the newest issue of *Heel Seat*, a comic book featuring lesbians. Issue #4 features a ad piece on foot and shoe fetishism and can be had for \$1.50 from John Moore, P.O. Box 173, Hollywood, Ca. 91606-0173.

Next I'd like to mention a new television show. I've only seen "STUDS," a FOX television nighttime game show, a couple times, but both shows I have learned about. The show's premise is two men each date three women and then they all come on the show and say girty love things about each other, mainly the women talking about the men and their sexual styles. On each show I saw a woman say one of the men sucked her toes. This is a first date that the guys know will be discussed on national television? I think that is a healthy exposure for foot fetishism. Nobody seemed to think it was very strange on the show. They talked about it, but acted as though it were a pretty normal part of sex. Could be because it is a pretty normal part of sex, just one we don't usually see discussed on TV game shows.

Last in a request to you LEG FORUM letter writers. I have your letters and hearing about your sexual adventures, but it takes so many ten to twenty pages to write, which are just too long to print. If you can, please try to tell your experience in five or six pages. That way more of you can see your letters in print and I won't have to throw away wonderful letters that deserve to be shared with the other readers. I can edit down long letters, but hate to decide which of your details are important and which aren't. If you really need to write more, make it two letters.

That's it, friends. Now get those pants off and start masturbating. No excuses, that is an order.

—Dan



*Henry Galfont's
Foot Collection*

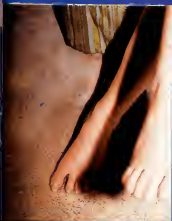


I live in Orlando, Florida, a foot man's paradise. I can see women's legs and feet all year round and spend most of my time stalling wild feet with my compact telephoto lens. My favorite places for photographing women's feet are carnivals or country fairs. I'm partial to women with dirty feet and unpainted nails. For some reason, these events bring out the earthy women. I'm always looking for the unusual, such as outrageously long toenails or long, double-jointed toes.

Not all the photos you see here were taken in Florida. I travel a lot for business and always take some time for foot-roving with my camera. The women you see here come from as far away as Michigan and Maine.

My current girlfriend is one of the women in these photos, but I won't tell you which. The only clue I'll give is that her feet are very dirty. I believe women who go barefoot are generally honest, adventurous and not self-centered. They may not be candidates for Vogue, but they deserve recognition for their special beauty. In my photographs I try to do justice to these women.

That may sound kind of lofty, and you may just think I'm being prejudiced by my pecker, but these are my heartfelt feelings.





ELMER BATTERS

Who Is RENE BOND?

The fifties had Betty Page; in the sixties it was Rene Bond. Cute little Rene, with her alluring baby pout and shapely woman's body, had a charisma similar to Betty's and did all the raucy poses nice girls wouldn't dream of. Rene even did backdoor *mannequin* back in the days before porno superstars. She was gutsy and sweet and, as you can see, had some very pretty little feet. Rene thought foot sex was just fine, a real outsize—like me—before her time.

"I'd love to know whatever happened to Rene Bond. Maybe those dedicated fans who tracked Betty Page to her secret home in the Florida swamps, where she's now a sex-hating bore again Christian, could find Rene. And if you do, give those adorable toonies a kiss for old Elmer."

—Elmer





VIDEO TAPES

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1



Dear LEG SHOW,
Here are some pictures of my very sexy wife. I would love it if you could help me show her off in Home Photos. She loves to pose for pictures, so tell us what you think, guys. Respond to D6J in the personals.

1 2

T.R.
Milford, N.J.



2



3



4



5



6

Dear Duan,
Here in my exotic wife. She just adores 3" spiky heels. We'd love to trade photos with other couples. Full face, heels and hose, all answered.

Resident
3025 Bheestar Ct.
Rancho Cordova, CA 95670

1 4

Dear Duan
My ex-boyfriend always looked at LEG SHOW and admired all the girls. I put on those heels and my girlfriend look the pictures. I'm sure he'll be surprised when he sees me. These are my coming out party to let him know I'm ready for all the guys to look at me. Too late, Tommy

Susan B.
Milwaukee, WI



7



Dear LEG SHOW:
It would be a real turn-on for us to see Tac's photos in Home Photos. She just loves to show off. We would love to hear from other couples and females as

to exchanging. Please send photos and SASE.

Kevin and Tac
Suite 337 6370 York Rd
Panna Flus, OH 44130

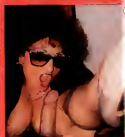
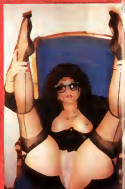
1 2 3



Dear LEG SHOW,
I'm the luckiest guy in the world. My wife and I agreed we had to share these photos with your readers.

11 12 13

L.V.

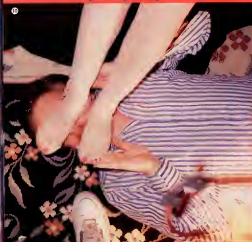


Dear Dan,
My boyfriend and I love your magazine. We would like to hear from other couples in the Michigan area to

want a club for legs, feet and heel lovers. Include photo and SASE

Karen and Tom
P.O. Box 1940
Troy, MI 48069

14 15



Dear LEG SHOW

Sandy loves posing in garter belt and stockings for me. We would love to exchange photos with LEG SHOW readers!

Dave and Sandy
P.O. Box 33162
Cleveland, OH 44133

16 17



Dear LEG SHOW

As you can see, my girlfriend always has a professional pedicure. I'm anxious

to swap photos with all foot lovers.

M.H.
Wolfeboro, N.H.

18 19

Dear LEG SHOW,

I'm a big fan of the mad in photos and thought we would contribute some photos of my wife's lovely legs and feet

for other's fetiches

M.D.
Muskegon, MI



Dear LEG SHOW

Here are some shots I took of S.M. while on vacation. We can't wait to see them in the magazine so we can masturbate together with your readers looking at them.

A.H.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

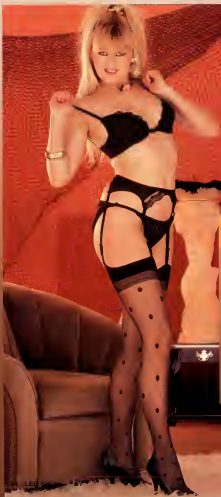


TAN YA

Seat Of Power

What I like best about a man is his face. And where I like it best is under my ass. Yeah baby, you want to make points with me, be my furniture. Stretch your big old naked self out on the floor and I'm going to mount your puss like it's a custom saddle. Big nose, small nose, fat, thin or angular face, it makes no difference to me because my soft meaty buttocks adjust to fit.

"I'll want to face toward your feet so I can have a ragsdale seat for your cockshaw. And have no doubt, it will perform for me. I'll tease you a little before lowering my sumptuous flesh pillows onto your face. To start, I'll straddle your head on my vicious four and half inch black patent heels. At such close range you'll be able to smell the rich mangle of stockings feet and warm leather, especially when I rise on my toes, popping my heels free of the pumps. I'll do that a lot, while I model my wet cunt and full, juicy buttocks for your captive eyes.



"Gee, I hope when I pull my asshole upon an cum drips down on your trapped face. Sometimes I like to pick up big, handsome, dumb, aggressive Alpha males, the Schwarzenegger types you can only dream of being, and let them fuck me, up the ass with their big, potent cocks. Mmm, it feels so good to have a real man fill me full, but it's not like prick-offs like you don't get to share in the fun. I give my asshole, full of cum for you to clean up. I sure don't want to let it drip out prematurely though, because I know you'll want to suck every drop from my swollen red anus."



"I'll lower myself onto your face agonizingly slow. My hips will undulate as I descend and I'll knead my buttocks with my hot pink nails, spreading them apart and pushing them together, making the plant flesh blush now. The first part of me to touch down will be my pubic hairs, just brushing your nose, tickling and inviting you to inhale my earthy fragrance. You'd better take a big breath, because next comes the full force of my powerful ass, blocking out the light and air. I'll settle myself with more hip undulations, working your nose deep into my moist crack, positioning your mouth right over my anal orifice. The light slips on your crack will be your cue to begin sucking."

"You will give me the whole length of your tongue up my ass. I like nothing better, and anything less than complete penetration will be dealt with harshly. You will masturbate while you satisfy me, and bring yourself to so many orgasms as I demand. Seeing your nuts utterly drained in homage to me is almost as satisfying as having your tongue clean my asshole."

"Once my ass is scoured and I've cum all over your face I'll have no further need of you, but stay available. Good furniture is hard to find, and I love to lounge."







JULIA
Super Soles





I am one tough customer, guys. My idea of fun is a month-long safari in the African bush—where these photos were taken—and as you can see, the toughest part of me is my invincible soles. Would any of you be crazy enough to go barefoot in Africa? Sure, the natives do, but they're trained from birth to avoid stepping on the poisonous snakes, spiders, and scorpions, the cactus, giant bugs, sharp stones, not to mention all the animal do-dos. Do you have any idea how big a lion's crap is? And they don't have any dirt boxes to bury it in like your pocky tat at home. My tough soles laugh at all these perils, though.

"I feel grounded to the earth when I walk barefoot. Shoes make me feel like a caged animal, and like the animals of Africa, I must be free to live. I never wear shoes at home in Texas, not even to my own sister's wedding. I was mad of honor and she was glad she'd chosen long gowns for us because when I walked down that aisle my feet were 100% bare. Later I danced the night away at her reception, lifting my skirt high to show everyone how proud I am of my tough but beautiful feet.

"My African guide about had a coronary when he saw I planned to stalk through the bush barefoot. I bet him I'd get close to more game than he and be none the worse for it, footwise. He took me on—and lost. Sure, I stepped on thorns and stones, and even once right on a scorpion—squashed him flat!—and of course, got in the lion doody, but that stuff's nothing to soles as toughened as mine. And because I could move with more stealth and agility I got right up on the animals before they knew I was there. Bagged a big wildebeast, a couple zebra and some damn gazelle or other. I wanted to blast a lion to get even for the shit on my

sole, but my guide said it wasn't permitted. 'So then I'll have to get revenge on you,' I told him, pushing my crusted foot in his face. Nah, he wouldn't torque clean it, the wimp, but he did scrub it down with his monogrammed hanky.

"Our native assistants really got a



bang out of an American lady who'd go barefoot in the bush, I let them examine my feet and they seemed very approving. They didn't go for licking them, though, no matter how hard I pushed them. I just had to wait 'till I got back to the good ol' USA to get a good tongue bath on my super soles. In foot sucking, America is truly #1 in the world!"



BUNNY

Unruly Giantess



I'm only 6'3"—in my high heels, got it? All those nightclub hucksters who exaggerate my height piss me off, because 6'3"—my honest to goodness real height—is majestic enough, don't you think? I became a dancer, a stripper, when I realized I'd never be able to hide from the world. Wherever I went with my proud 6'3" height, thrusting breasts and flowing blonde hair people were going to stare and men would undress me with their eyes. So why not undress myself and make the curious seekers pay for the privilege of viewing my spectacular form? And since I know how eager you all are to get close to a real giantess most of my shows are audience participation. I even do one where all you hungry dogs get to eat yogurt, peaches and chocolate syrup off my long, full, incredibly powerful legs. The other girls tell me I'm crazy to let you slobbering fools get so close, but I just laugh. I'm stronger than any five of you and could crush your skulls with a single twitch of my sumptuous thighs.



It's true that my obvious dominant strength doesn't dissuade all of you though. There's a twerp in every crowd, usually a loud-mouthed, under-sized, strutting rooster punk who thinks he can topple Goliath with his slung. He often starts by heckling, implying I'm no match for a real man like him. It would be beneath me to do anything in front of the crowd, but I seek him out after my performance.

"No matter how insolent, they're always eager to follow me to my dressing room. They imagine, I suppose, that their obnoxious challenges turned me on and now I'm going to fall at their feet, a writhing mass of leonine submission. Ha ha, it really is funny how cocky some of them look just before I pick them up and sling them over my shoulder.

"I like to juggle them a little first, just to assure them of my awesome strength. I'll toss them from hand to hand, like a human basketball, bounce them like helpless babes in my arms and push their heads between my pillowy tits 'til they gasp for air. Then I drop them at my feet.

"It's quite a sight from down there, I'm told. The pillars of my mighty legs seem to rise into the clouds, with my big, wet, blonde pussy and powerful ass cheeks looming high above. Few fail to tremble when I grin down at them, my face framed between my creamy white breasts. I like when they cling to my legs like frightened children and beg for mercy. So many suggest the next move themselves, when they whisper,



...you're not going to help me, are you? Just like a little bug," I laugh, stepping in my five inch heels onto chest or face. And you'd be surprised what those little guys can take! With my full 178 pounds pershing down on them they never fail to get big hard-ons and shoot a nice flattening load for me.

"Since word of my discipline sessions got out I've had lots of requests for personal videos. I've made quite a few, no sex, of course, just the sort of Amazon horseplay you see here. If you'd like more details, write me. Who knows? You might even get to star in your very own video."

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LEG SHOW 43

PRISCILLA

Priscilla Beatty





Let's play with your penis. I know you play with him all the time, this time you're going to let me in on it. Have you ever had a knee job? That's where I curl my sexy black stockings knee tight around your cock and slap your ass to make you thrust against the scratchy nylon until you make a big sticky mess all over my stockings. You'd probably like that, wouldn't you? Does thinking about it make you want to masturbate? Well, what are you waiting for? I'm not letting you turn past my layout without shooting juice on it, so you may as well

get started. I'll bet you've never had anything as simple as a beautiful woman in black stockings, garter belt and high heels wrapping her long, strong legs around your back while you pound your cock into her wet eager cunt. There are men who really get to do that to me, dressed just the way I am here, and some of them aren't even richer or better looking than you. You can stroke your dick thinking about that, can't you? Imagine your dick actually sliding into a cunt as tight, clean and perfect as mine. Even though I'd be dripping juice, a few glistening

drops coursing down to my puckered anus, you'd have a hard time getting in. All the exercise to keep those beautiful legs taut and shapely makes my cunt incredibly muscular. It might feel like a hand to you, squeezing your cock just like your own fingers. You'd relate to that, wouldn't you? A big masturbator like you has a special taste for the sensation only a hand can give. I hope you're using your hand now. Squeeze your cock just as tight as you like it and know that's how my pussy would feel, except hot, wet and attached to the legs of your dreams.



"How are things coming? It's fun when I play with your dick, too, isn't it? I'd like to take your dick and tuck it into my ass. It'd fit just right in the space between my high arch and the inside of my sexy, my shoe. The leather inside gets so slick with my sweet rich sweat you could thrust easily. Waa- n't I'm, I just might step down a little, hard on your penis, to make the friction uncomfortably intense. You'd love it. It makes

your hand move faster on your dick to think of it, don't lie and say it's not true. And don't for a minute think I don't know you'd love to squirt inside my shoe. You'd like to have your cum seeping into the leather of my shoe, clinging to my stockings, squishing up between my toes with every step. I'd like it, too, because I'd know my very step was cushioning the life out of your sperms. Hmm, even that turns you on, I know you're about to squirt, and that's why I

demand the centerfold, so there'd be lots of room for your cum. Pump that cum out, boy! Get it all over my long legs. And drain out every drop or you'll have to do it over and over until you get

"Now that I've got your cum you can go on to the other girls. Go on, get out. Knowing you won't be able to get to those to any of them over that I've emptied your sack is the satisfaction I was after."

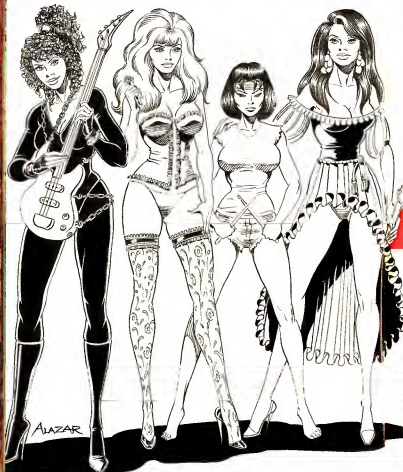




NUMBER ONE IN THE WORLD

LEG SHOW

THE LEG SHOW IS A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LEGS IN THE WORLD. THE LEG SHOW IS A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LEGS IN THE WORLD.



THE JUNGLE CLUB

Ladies' Night—When The Men Have To Pay!

By Dirk MacPherson

Dominating *Ritzy Room* H-E-I appearing at the Jung Club eclipsed the night. As in my standard opening procedure, I arrived at the club well ahead of showtime to peruse the goings-on. It was empty but for one burly, make-it-to-the-west dude, mopping the floor. He looked at me in astonishment.

"Suzi's foot slid into my mouth clear up to the heel!"

"Did you come here alone?" he asked.
"I'm reviewing the show for a magazine," I explained.
"Your Mistress like you do that?"
"Yes, my mistress is a woman."
"Mistress? I said, wondering why

anyone in this day and age would employ such an archaic term. But before he could utter another syllable, the appellation "George!" boomed in a demanding female voice from somewhere backstage. Instantly my friend dropped his mop and ran in the direction of the voice like a trained schizoid.

I surveyed the room. At the center was a statue of Jung, the Roman female deity for whom the club was named. He, whose were statues of Diana, Athena, Brunhilde, and other legendary goddesses, queens, and heroines of various cultures. The walls were festooned with pictures of Asian beauties brandishing bows and arrows and walking over chain-bound male figures who gazed up worshipfully.

The restrooms were marked "US" and "them."
"I'm not stupid. It didn't take me long to figure out that I was in a Female Domination club."
"Well, Dirk, old buddy," I muttered to myself, "Looks like old Sirg, soaked it to you again."
Soon the regulars began arriving. I refer to them as "regulars" because

I was picking away at the Smith-Corset and rubbing on a cheese drench when my boss slithered up behind me (Dress, she's mostly) and slapped this nut down on my desk with a thump, resonating thump.

"Cover that one, tonight!" she barked. "I guarantee it'll be an experience. And don't eat while you're typing! It gets the keys all sticky—Dirk."

I wish she'd learn how to pronounce my name.
Well, she was right about one thing: The assignment would be an experience, one unlike any I've ever known in all my years working in a music club, for her and her funky little magazine. And she was right about another thing: Eating a cheese drench while typing does get the keys sticky! Sergeant Silvia (my boss's old nemesis, although I dare not address her by that or anything other than "Miss Martin") (I wish to keep my job, not to mention my gonads) had been giving me some rather unusual assignments. I mean, I've reviewed some really strange, bizarre, peculiar, strange (May I include "perverse"? I mean, we rock groups playing at hidden, forbidden dens of iniquity before. But Morris Enza and the

they all seemed to know each other. At first it was just women in groups of three and four wearing outfits that defy description. Then a few ladies entered with man in tow—literally! The guys were on knees held by their mistresses and attached to a variety of velvet or jewel-studded leather collars wrapped around (in most cases) the men's necks. One fellow, however, had the hands going down the front of his trousers attached to (I presume, say, I hope!) some sort of rock strap. The men were all, like George the Mop, bare-chested, well-groomed, handsome and muscular but very timid and compliant. They basically stared at the ground, moved when told to move, spoke when spoken to. To be safe I scanned myself at a hidden table in an obscure corner of the room.

The house lights dimmed and a voice (woman's, of course) came over the speaker saying: "And now, ladies and others, the Junc Club is proud to present... Mistress Enca and the Dominating Slaves From Hell!"

The crowd went wild as the band took the stage. It was a group of four. Enca, the lead singer, was a tall, voluptuous woman with creamy white skin and acres of fiery red hair. She stood easily six feet tall, her ample torso pecked into a lid and laddy with black tights. On her legs and feet she wore garish red-and-black pattern, black lace nylon stockings, and skyscraper-high, three-engineered spike heels. One mountain of a mistress, I must say!

Stefany, the bassist, was a medium-complexioned African-American lady towering so high as I could not see her leaver. Her costume consisted of a black leather body suit, high-heeled boots and all, one-piece. Her slender butt was attached to her outfit by an array of bright silver beehives and chains.

Suzi, the petite percussionist, looked part Asian. She sat perched on a platform with all her percussion—snare, congas and the most odd of a plain white T-shirt and shorts—no shoes or stockings. Around her head was a white cloth band with what looked like Oriental writing on it.

LaDonna, the guitarist, was a lovely Latina. She was, again, about six feet tall, dark and slender, and clad in an exceptionally colorful but otherwise traditional Spanish flamenco dancer's outfit.

"Wow!" I thought. "A veritable rainbow coalition!"

The room rumbled with sound as the band struck up their first number.

Stefany Enca lifted the microphone from her tuck-in lips and began to sing:

"I am woman—like my feet,
To you it's such a special treat
Just to kick my high-heeled shoes in

on—shee!—
You can grovel on the floor,
Stick your tongue to my back as good
as me!"

That's how it started. It got raucous as it went along. The crowd, of course, just liked it, cheering and applauding successively. Between songs, Enca joked with the audience, springing gags like, "You know why men have penises? 'Cause they gotta be good for something!"

At one of these jokes I laughed out loud. Wrong. At the Junc Club, spontaneous reactions are forbidden to men.

Mistress Enca squinted out into the audience. "Did I hear a male voice out there? Don't you guys keep your pets muzzled?"

The place fell silent. The spotlight panned the room until it found the hidden table in the obscure corner where I sat alone.

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Enca. "An unsolicited male! Hey, boy! Where's your mistress?"

"Home with the kids," I gimped.

Wrong again. That was just the type of wacko trick this crowd would find at all funny.

"Get your ass up here!" Enca

**"Her cum soaked
her stockings,
which I sucked
clean."**

commanded.

In for a penny, in for a dollar. I walked up to the stage.

"So the fuck are you and what the fuck are you doing here?" she demanded to know.

"My name's Dick and I'm reviewing your music," I answered honestly.

"A music critic, huh?" she snarled, looking me up and down. "Take off your shirt!"

I'm a good sport. I took it off. She stared around me, inspecting me like a piece of meat.

"Jack?" she inquired.

"Played football in college," I lied.

"And I still work out pretty regularly."

All the while, the ladies in the audience were watching, listening, gasping and giggling.

"The shoulders ain't bad," I remarked. Enca, still checking me out "but of a getting kinda punchy around the middle. You been pissing out or what?"

"Well, I do have this weakness for cheese danish," I confessed.

"Thought so," she muttered. "Well, we sort the personals. Now let's see the pecker!"

The audience cheered enthusiastically.

"What?" I gasped.

"I can't drop the drawers, Dick!"

"Dick!" I corrected.

Another wrong move. One does NOT correct Mistress Enca.

"Scuse him, Bitchhead!" she called to her cohorts.

LaDonna and Stefany grabbed me by the arms as Enca began to undress my head. I struggled to break free, and almost did. But just then Suzi spring from her platform and came at me with a Kong Fu kick. Down I went, flat on the stage with the three Amazons on top of me and Suzi's legs around my neck. Suzi was a scant five feet tall and

named it a mistake. But her skill in the martial arts made her a force to be reckoned with. So I made no further attempt to escape as Enca, LaDonna, and Stefany stripped me naked and Suzi kept her smooth, bare, golden thighs right around my head. I was cut off suddenly!

All this was going on before a extremely live audience, mind you. And, man, was my dick hard when the girls finally got me naked and stood me up, front and center stage, before the bright lights for all to see!

"Well, ladies, what do you think?"

Enca asked the crowd.

A mingling of cheers and boos rose up from the audience.

"So, Mistress Eric," she snapped, "you seem to have gotten most reviews. Let's see if we can improve your ratings. Hit it, Bitchhead!"

Just at that moment, LaDonna began strumming her guitar and dancing around in flamenco style. As Suzi returned to her platform, Enca and Stefany laid me down on the floor, so LaDonna could dance around me as she played.

The dance! She pounced! She whacked! She jumped over me, giving me free peeks up her dress. She stomped her heavy leather boots in rapid staccato rhythm all around me as I lay there naked and vulnerable. Each time LaDonna's heel came down on the floor with a loud CLOMP, it seemed to hit closer and closer to my ear, finger, toe or some other outlying part of my anatomy. All I could do was lie perfectly

still and hope she didn't hit anything valuable.

She didn't. She was a highly skilled dancer and a fantastic guitarist as well! Her solo ended and the audience applauded wildly.

Enca and LaDonna then picked me up and set me down on my knees, so that Stefany who was now playing slow, deep, luscious runs on her bass.

Something between apparent that wasn't before.

Stefany's leather body suit was open in the back, revealing one of her beautiful bare bronze butt. As I knelt, I snatched my face into the crack of Stefany's ass and ordered me to look. At first my tongue just brushed the chest lightly. But then she wasn't good enough. The music stopped and Stefany whirled around.

"Am you got no rhythm, cherry-boy?" she said, snarling down at me from her six-foot height. "You gotta lick my ass with soul! Show 'em how, mistress!"

LaDonna grabbed me by the hair, moved my face into Stefany's ass, and forced my head up and down in the proper rhythm. Soon my tongue licked and sucked and Stefany began to play again. To make sure I stayed on tempo, she held a microphone down there so the whole world could hear the loud SLURP every time my tongue made another pass through the deep ravine of Stefany's ass (and I was a lot less fat).

I must admit, Stefany looked some bad boss on that number. Fine and funky. I'd like to think that my licks helped inspire some of her.

Next, as Stefany went on thumping bass, Enca and LaDonna moved me over to a spot in front of Suzi and forced me to kneel there. They held my head down and made me kiss the thirty feet of their percussionist. Suzi sat high on the platform like a Ming Empress, playing an array of Chinese drums, cymbals and chimes. Since she had no pedals to operate, her tiny bare feet were free to accept my kisses.

Then the big bit of her right foot began wiggling against my lips as if it wanted in. Obliquely, I pried my lips to admit the appendage and began to suck it. But soon it was followed by a second toe, then a third, then a fourth, until finally all five toes of Suzi's right foot were in my mouth. All this was, remember, in plain view of an ecstatic audience!

Suzi's foot couldn't have been larger than a size five, so having all five toes in my mouth really wasn't all uncomfortable. In fact, I kind of liked it. And her gentle Asian music was most relaxing, almost hypnotic.

As Suzi played on, she kept twirling that sexy little foot of hers in time with the music. And in doing so she kept pushing her foot deeper and deeper in

to my mouth. Enca and LaDonna tilted my head back so more and more of Suzi's foot could show. By the time the number ended, Suzi's foot was in my mouth clear up to the heel! I was actually suckling that girl's foot!

The amazed crowd erupted shrill cries of joy. Then Enca and LaDonna bawled me over to center stage where they made me lie down, flat on my back and

adverse to the view of the audience. Stefany, Suzi, and LaDonna struck up a driving rhythm as Enca backed off her shoes and climbed aboard me. That's right! She stood on top of me—one big, sweaty, my-kissed-to-death-on-my-chest, the other one right smack dab in my face!

As Enca began singing her next number, I could see, from my vantage point below, that she had the microphone cord running through the crotch of her teddy. That was so she could masturbate herself while belting out her most popular song:

"Stand on your ears!
And make time just your thing!
Use her for your own selfish plans.
Stand on your ears!

Her just loves to be used on.
Cover us, girl, STAND ON YOUR MAM!"

"Stand on your ears!" she roared into the microphone while standing on me. Stepping right on my feet! Dropping her cum right into my mouth!

"More! More! More!" chanted the fans at fever pitch.

"The show must go on!" I thought. I kept pounding my poor pecker, trying to squirt out one more drop.

Then another! Then another! Again and again I peeped, each time spewing sticky-hot sperm onto the stage and bringing frosty cries of elation from the audience.

"More! More! More!" they demanded.

Every man, as you know, has his limit. After the fifth time everything went black.

The next thing I remember was waking up in an alley behind the club. I was fully clothed, albeit disheveled, and propped up against a couple of garbage cans. It must have been some wondrous hour, for the club was locked up, dark and deserted. But in the dim light I could see something on my lap! It was a five-dollar bill with a note attached. The note read: "Thanks, Dick. You made the show. Maybe we can use you again some time. (Signed) The Bitches."

Somewhat I made it to work the next day. My legs came up behind me and said, "Well, how was the show last night?"

I flipped the paper out of my trusty Slinky-Corona and handed it to her. All at once, "Good show at the Junc Club. Don't miss it."

Miss Martin looked at it, then at me with a knowing grin.

"Nice went up," she said. "You can thank your breasts now. I tell you a cheese dancer in the lunch room."

Damn, she's good to me.

I just wish she'd learn how to pronounce my name!

"I could barely breathe from between her sweaty toes!"

Most of the audience knew the words and sang along.

Enca's engorged feet had, you'll recall, been enclosed in spiced-heeled pumps until now. So, needless to say, they were peeping hot and absolutely drenched with sweat. The smell was overwhelming, as was the weight of that queen-stained woman bearing down on my chest and face. I could get an okay—between her toes and through her stocking, that is. So I figured it was best to just go along with the act and suck the sweat out of that stocking. And now, did I say I liked it?

You can imagine the crowd's reaction to seeing a man totally enraptured, totally controlled, actually being used as a platform for a woman to sing her songs of female hypocrisy.

The beat intensified and the music reached a climax, as did Enca. She kept rubbing the microphone cord against her clit, still singing while cumming.

Soon the taste of female foot-sweat was joined by the taste of pussy juice. The crowd was actually grooving down Enca's leg, soaking the reinforced soles of her stockings, and flowing into my mouth. Suddenly then, Enca unsnapped the crotch of her teddy to expose her cum-soaked pussy. The cum then mixed down on me in quarts! It was wonderful!

I couldn't stand it any more! I grabbed my cock and started jerking off in tempo with the music! Upon seeing this, the audience were absolutely bewitched! I was so hot that only a few strokes were needed before a huge wall of silver-white goo shot out of my dick. Seven thousand gallons of it!

The women in the place shrieked with delight.

"More! More! More!" they screamed. And meanwhile Enca continued her lust and furiously sustained orgasm still singing!

"Oh, baby, worship me, worship me, baby!" she roared into the microphone while standing on me. Stepping right on my feet! Dropping her cum right into my mouth!

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RENORE

Mean Little Me



Who knows where these ideas come from? All I know is that somewhere along the road to adulthood I became convinced that the most humiliating thing a woman could do to a man was dress him in her clothes. I would guess it has something to do with our male dominated society, since a woman in men's clothes is totally acceptable and as common as a woman in women's clothes.

Women feel spunky and capable when they dress up as male jeans, cowboy boots and work shirts, but dress a man in pantyhose, bra and gown and it's not only ego-destroying, it's illegal! I believe making crossdressing illegal was an act by perverted men who couldn't stand the humiliation—Heaven forbid!—of mistaking a man in drag for a woman and getting a bootie. Anyway, all this commotion about a silly thing like clothes just gives a devilish tease like me ideas—very embarrassing ideas.

"What if I told you I'd give you the hottest night of your life? You could stuff and suck my pungent stockings! toes for hours. After that I'd jerk you with my feet and when you came all over my soles I'd suck the sperm from my

stockings and compliment you on the taste. I'd suck your dick and even let you fuck me, though I know a lot of you footmen aren't particularly interested in that. All this could be yours, if you do one little thing for me.

"I want to dress you up, any way I choose, and take you for a night on the town. Take a nice long look at these feet before you throw up your hands in terror. Thank of them caressing your cock, or filling your mouth. And look at the perfect, smooth ass that sits atop my long legs. This ass could be sitting on your face. You could take a little humiliation for all this, couldn't you? I'm sure.

"We'll start with black seamed stockings with full foot reinforcement. I'll shave your legs nice and smooth and then roll those silky nylons up your hairless, girlish thighs. Next a lovely night girdle, I think. That will hold your cock out of sight and also hold your hip and fancy pads in place



Oh yes, I want you very believable, so we have to make a pinchable fat funny on you. What next? Maybe a long line bra, with some big water balloons in the cups for realistic bounce. And then a black spandex mini-skirt and a real tight bright red sweater. And long red nails, and heavy, whorish makeup and a black wig teased out wild. For the icing on this very embarrassing cake I have a pair of shoes for you. 5 1/2 inch heeled, red patent pumps with ankle straps and gold metal toe-caps. I know you can hardly walk, but we're still going dancing, and you have to dance with every man who asks you. And if they pinch your bottom or cup your tits I want you to smile and toot it.

"What do you say boys? How low will you go for foot sex? I really want to know."





MINTY NEWLY EXCEPTIONAL

Life is so often stranger than fiction. Up until last year my life wouldn't have made very interesting reading. Raised in a small town, girl is unexceptional in school and sports, has a few friends, but too shy to date, feels inferior because she is short (5'1"), but otherwise relatively happy. Then she gets a small scholarship and goes away to college in Kansas City, where she gets a live-in boyfriend, who she gets a live-in boyfriend, who she gets a live-in boyfriend...

"These people I work for are the reason for the change. Some nights when I lie awake in bed, my body crusted with semen, my toes still wet with saliva, I wonder why I don't just quit, why I don't pack my things and run as fast as I can. But it's not like they hold me against my will or anything. It's my own will, in fact, that ties me, my obsessive, willful desire to fulfill the role they've made me fit me as fetish object."

...and then she gets a live-in boyfriend, who she gets a live-in boyfriend, who she gets a live-in boyfriend...

work uniform is left outside my door. Sometimes it's a classic French maid outfit with ass-skimming full black satin skirt and white petticoats. White stockings held up by a complicated ten-strip garter belt go with this, as do four and a half-inch white heels. There are no panties; with this outfit go two humiliating vibrator plugs, one for my ass, one for my cunt. They're cleverly made, my body heat turns them on and they stay on, driving me insane with continuous

orgasms until I'm allowed to remove them at night. I slip my feet gingerly into the white pumps, Mr. X, my master, always fills them with fresh semen, in such quantity I can only guess who or what provided it.

"Other days my uniform is a see-through sheer body suit made of nylon 'stocking material.' Even my hands are encased, each finger in its own little soamed stocking. With this I wear the cunt and ass stretchers—clear plastic rings, that when inserted hold my orifices

shamefully open. My Mistress and Master take great delight in having me bend over and display my holes to their guests—there are always guests—in this outfit. The guests are equally charmed by the shoes my little feet are locked into: see-through plastic pumps, with six-inch heels. "You see," they will explain, "you can masturbate right onto them and it looks like your semen is splattering her stocking toes, and yet it wipes clean for the next load." That's the signal for the guests to begin jerking off on my feet. Once they get in their frenzy they begin shooting all over my body, while my Master or Mistress sucks the loads off my clear

pumps. Other times they love formal dinners where my feet are fastened into the special table.

"There is a hole with clamps on either side in the center of the table. My body seattles beneath the table and my feet extend up through the hole, where they're secured in place by the clamps. I can't see what all the diners are doing to my feet, but I know liquids, hot and cold, hit them from all angles, fingers scrabble over the ticklish soles, and tongues bathe them for hours.

"In between all these activities I actually have to clean the house. I'm paid little more than room and board. And yet, I don't leave. I don't want to leave. I guess my life was unexceptional for too long, and life is too short."







Lingerie For The Body And Soul

By Allyn Green

"I don't need an assistant," I complained to my boss. "I'm your top sales rep, I can fire all by myself."

"Exactly why I want you to teach my daughter the business," said Mr. Brighton. "Nobody can sell my Lingerie Exotique line the way you can, Livington. She couldn't have a better teacher. Ah, here she is now."

I heard the door open on the other side of the huge office and turned to witness the incredible sight of Catalina Brighton gliding in on five-inch heels, proudly displaying a lean and youthful body tightly wrapped in red silk and black nylon.

"Hello, daddy. I hope I'm not too late."

Now, I sell exotic lingerie, you understand. I've been to every fashion show, seen all the most gorgeous, long legged models strutting their high firm asses and impossibly long legs clad in imaginative mesh. I thought I'd seen the best. Until I saw Catalina Brighton.

She floated, perfectly poised, across the vast expanse of her father's dense white carpeting. One delicate foot just in front of the other, almost six feet tall in those wickedly black anechoic heels, honey blonde hair floating around her face like a cloud of angels.

A short red silk jacket embraced her tightly to the waist, making the swell of her hips that much more impressive. Somehow, it was cut to caress under her high, important breasts so that they mounted high and proud on her chest, with just a suggestion of puckered nipple showing through the fabric. Across her flat belly, this red silk pulled tight, revealing the shy swell of an undoubtedly pretty mound.

The skirt, what there was of it, stopped a good nine inches above her smooth knees, showing me incredibly long, shamelessly curved legs coated in a pair of the finest stockings we make, that Number 402, with the wicked seams up the back, the full fashioned toe, the exquisite fit.

Those stockings whispored to me from between her legs as she came closer, enveloping me in a cloud of expensive scent, of heat and eager youth. How, I asked myself, could any woman look so beautiful and so hickable at the same time?

"You... didn't look this way when you went off to school," I croaked. "Has it been four years?"

"I'm a big girl now, Windsor Livingston," she said. "And I'm ready to learn everything you can teach me." "About the business, that is," Mr. Brighton put in. "You'd better hurry

"Her impossibly long legs were supported by 5-inch spike heels."

Ms. Van den Plas is expecting you at ten, and she's one of our best customers."

As Catalina strutted across the parking lot just in front of me, I got an even greater appreciation of her coyness. The back of her silk skirt was cunningly stitched, bringing the fabric up tight against the curves of her young ass, tucking over so slightly between, defining each firm globe separately. The delicate compact motion sent little electric shivers to the base of my belly, tightening, causing tingling pulses. I imagined my hands gently cupping her pretty ass, kneading, pulling her tight against me, my cock growing.

"Where are we going?" she asked, sliding across the leather of the Town Car seat, her skirt humming northward, showing me those three distinctive rings of black nylon at the very tops of her thighs.

To Le Salon, the finest, most expensive lingerie and foundation garment studio on Rodeo Drive, I said as I headed out of the valley, over Laurel

Canyon Drive and down toward Sunset.

I could have destroyed half of Beverly Hills that day, driving the huge Lincoln down Wilshire with my eyes glued to Catalina's long, sweeping expanse of thigh, pretty feet tucked into those deliciously high heels.

"This is it," I said, opening the car door for her in front of Le Salon's Italian marble facade. She took her time getting out, holding onto the hand I offered, keeping that tight red skirt high on her legs, letting me gaze, however briefly, at the red nylon mystery that concealed her pussy, the polished white skin above the stockings.

Gloria Van den Plas greeted us at the door, in her customary black minidress and midnight black hose. So nice to see you again, Mr. Livingston. And who might this be?

Catalina was stunned. She may have thought she was a big girl, but I know she'd never seen anyone like me. Gloria, the exotic Ms. Van den Plas stood three inches over six feet tall as her black pumps. They were charmingly old-fashioned, tiny full bows completely covering her feet in soft black leather, almost like gloves, just below the ankle. Red lace ran up the front. Above, a smart black stringing dress ended well above the knee. It concealed nothing, thanks to the long slit in the front from hemline to the very point of her wonderful most mystery. The inner surfaces of her shiny nyloned thighs were amply revealed. I took a deep breath, gazing at above and below. Gloria's rounded calves and thighs, black and sleekly shimmering.

"Gloria, it's a my pleasure to introduce you to Catalina Brighton."

"Ah, the boss's daughter. I might have known. You're quite lovely, Catalina. Come into the showroom, and I'll look at your line."

As always, I gaped when Gloria Van den Plas turned away from me. Her ass was a masterpiece, and the fashionista she wore displayed it for the pleasure of all. Full and rounded, the curve clearly outlined by the clinging black skirt, slightly flexing, showing the slit in the front, her ass begged to be caressed and kissed and loved and yes, even worshipped.

"I've created a special showroom for the Lingerie Exotique line. It's much too provocative to be shown in the main salon."

Catalina gasped as we led her inside. The room was an ornate collection of antique sofas and chairs, elegant lamps and carpeting that cost more than the space program. Young Miss Brighton, her lovely ass shimmering in its coating of tight red silk, stood in a row. At the far end of the plush array was a small stage, three steps high, surrounded by

full-length mirrors.

"Well," said Gloria. "Show me what you've got."

Nervously, Catalina spread the filmy lingerie out on a Louis XIV table. Firm swags of silk and nylon and elastic lace, designed to cup and caress and display every sexual asset to devastating advantage.

"I like these 619 panties," Gloria beamed, her breasts now heaving. She loved lingerie, it excited her to know what those filmy garments could do to a man, inflaming his desire and at the same time sapping him of his will. "But I'd have a better idea if I could see them on."

"Well..." stammered Catalina, looking at her nervously. "I'm wearing the 619s right now. I could show it to you. Is that all right, Mr. Livingston?"

I almost choked. "Yes, of course. Why don't you stand on the stage? Always display your goods to the best advantage."

Gloria and I glanced at each other, the heat beginning to rise between us, as Catalina's tight bodice swished from side to side across the room. Carefully, teetering on her black patent pumps, she mounted the stairs, turned toward us and shyly worked her skirt up over the tops of her stockings.

"Ahh," breathed Gloria, moving closer to me. I couldn't even say that Catalina's thighs gleamed in the caress of fine dark nylon. Between her smooth legs a sheer scarlet g-string kissed her pussy with fine close lace. The hair that adorned the top of her swelling, barely concealed mound was scarcely more than fine hair, downy and soft.

Together we stared at her legs, admiring the way they tapered down to delicate ankles, to her pretty feet in their black аттито pumps. Her calves were tight and rounded, she stood high and straight and tall.

"Take off the skirt, please," asked Gloria.

"Should I, Mr. Livingston?"

"Well, I managed to say, 'Mrs. Van den Plas is our best customer.'"

In an instant, it was done. Catalina stood before us, honey blonde and 25 years old, the lean, tanned sweep of her body artfully defined by the spotlight hidden in the ceiling, coated men top to bottom as the finest that Lingerie Exotique has to offer. All by herself, she removed her jacket and blouse.

"Oh, Windsor," she purred, "Gloria breathed. And she was."

Her blonde hair gleamed in the light, bright red lips glistened. Firm, high breasts rested as a scudlet half-bra that pushed them up, offering them to us. In her Lingerie Exotique fashion, the front of each cup featured a small strip of U-shaped spring wire that held each of her

coral colored nipples in a gentle pinch, causing them to swell with desire. Each one looked like an eraser on a brand new pencil. Slowly, she turned for us, revealing her naked buttocks, swelling out from the tops of her tan thighs, with the provocative red strip of the g-string separating them just enough.

Gloria's hands took on a life of their own. One drifted over to gently explore the outrageous swelling in my pants, the other drifted into her skirt to caress the eager lips of her aching, oozing pussy. I could hear the lascivious, liquid sounds her hands made between her soft, nyloned thighs. She quivered in high spiked heels.

"Mr. Livingston! What are you doing?" Catalina was shocked, but aroused. I could see one of her hands sneaking along the top of her thigh, a slim, red-tipped finger toying with the elastic of her red panties, moving inside.

By the time she spoke I was tight against Gloria, my swelling cock pressing into the generous mounds of her ass, my hands running along her flanks, down to her silky thighs.

"Catalina," said the elegant Mrs. Van

"Between her smooth legs a sheer red g-string kissed her pussy."

den Plas, moving the luxurious mounds of her ass against my unceasing cock. "It's time you learned the most important principle of sales. How to keep the customer satisfied."

At once, her dress was stepped away. Soon after, my clothes were on the floor, my cock was stabbing upward, painfully hard, slapping my stomach in its impatient excitement.

"Oh, it's hard and it's wet, just the way I like it," Gloria breathed. "I bet you'd love to fuck me, wouldn't you? Especially when I'm dressed like this."

She posed before me in Lingerie Exotique's finest, most expensive garment, a thigh-length panty girdle inside from the shimmest, smoopest elastic powernet. It must have taken her a half hour to get into it, like she'd painted it on wet and let it dry to fit. Through the sheer, many black elastic every curve of her belly and crotch were tightly gripped, hugged in the hungry caress of the elastic, every line revealed, the elegant swelling of her thighs, the indestructible, classically curved globes of her ass.

"Oh, God, Gloria, you know what it does to me when you wear girdles like that."

The clinging girdle featured one of my own inventions, clever stitching that tucked the sheer firm netting up between her generous cheeks, and other wicked seams that pulled the garment tight inside her thighs and all around her slickly shaved pussy. Two incredibly pink lips flowered through the opening in the crotch, two seamed black nylon stockings covered her long, tapering legs, her well-toned muscles tight beneath smooth skin.

Catalina could only watch helplessly as Gloria prouetted for me, high heeled in her sensuous coating of elastic, nylon and lace. The lovely young woman had no choice but to spread apart her vast trembling legs and plunge her fingers into her aching pussy as she watched Gloria turn her back to me and bend over one of her precious tables, supporting herself with her hands, raising apart her nyloned thighs and placing her confined ass high in the air. She knew exactly what that kind of thing did to me. I came closer, reaching for her.

Catalina pinched her pussy there on the stage under the lights, her firm ass shaking as she did so, staring at the length of my cock plunging in and out of Gloria's hungry pussy.

Hot liquid coursed through my veins, sparks exploded behind my eyes as my cock revolved in the exquisite grip of Gloria's pussy, hot and slick and smooth, every vein massaged and aroused the insides of her velvet glove. My hands ran alongside Gloria's hips and the backs of her confined thighs, the filling to the sensation of abundant flesh covered by clinging black powernet, so firm, so smooth.

"I can't take this any more," she breathed, and raced toward us as fast as her skyscraper heels would allow, breasts jiggling over so slightly, nipples swelling further in the delicious pinch of her wicked beasiere. Feverishly, she panted behind me, nipples quivering into my bare back, the silky smoothness of her stockings and panties tight against my ass. With one frantic, overheated gesture, the young blonde put a delicate hand between my thrusting thighs, firmly cupped my balls and squeezed them, rolled them, pulled and massaged as in the most deliciously intimate fashion.

"Oh, fuck me," Gloria breathed. And I did, harder than before, because Catalina, damn her, had her other hand on the crack of my ass, teasing, feeling, running up and down.

I grabbed Gloria tighter, her heat against me, her pussy convulsing around my cock. My hands wanted to

(continued on page 73)

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NYLON WEB (continued from page 70)

feel all of her at once, her firm legs that
 trembled against mine, the generous,
 soft breasts that dangled in front as she
 bent over with her girdled ass high in
 the air, the silky powernet that covered
 her limbs.

Then the little blonde bitch did it to
 me. One of her hands grabbed my balls
 harder than before, squeezing them
 together, pulling them downward. And
 the other hand rested against my
 quivering cheeks, pulling them apart
 and unmanaging a long, cool finger up
 my ass in one smooth devastating
 motion.

My cock had a fit, it squeezed itself, it
 trembled and shook, exploding inside
 Gloria's pussy, like I was coming from
 all the way down in my toes. Pulse after
 pulse of steaming juice raced from the
 tip of my cock in a continuous flow,
 urged on by Catalina's wicked wiggling
 finger, encouraged by Gloria's gripping
 lips. Hot slippery stuff ran down
 Gloria's shimmering girth, dampening
 the dark circles at the tops of her
 stockings.

Slowly, teasingly, Catalina released me.
 I collapsed on Gloria's smooth neck
 while the boss's daughter delightedly
 ran her hands over my trembling damp
 body.
 "You know, Mr. Livingston," she
 said. "I think we're going to make a
 good team."
 "I'll take a dozen of everything,"
 Gloria sighed.

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MARCIA DRIPPING

Yeah, I like to get wet. I think it's hooked up to things I watched on TV as a kid. You know, a girl falls in the water and can't swim and she's floundering around, her clothes plastered against her, tits and ass molded by the clinging material, garters and



stocking tops exposed. She's gasping at the surface and going under again and again. Her mouth is formed in a sexy 'o,' her eyes are rolling wildly, she's struggling and contorting and she looks like she's having an orgasm! Then the handsome man jumps in and swims to her. He clings her under her tits, pushing them up so we can really see them, and then he swims fur shore and lays her out. She looks so beautiful lying there, seemingly dead. Her clothes are clinging and almost transparent, her skirt is biked up, and her toes are always beautifully pointed, even though she's unconscious. And we can see her toes, reinforced stockings and all, because her shoes have come off in the water. Now the handsome hero bends over her and gives the kiss of life. He clamps his lips to hers and blows into her mouth and again it looks just like sex and then she flutters her eyelashes and

wakes up, and I have to say, even as a kid, my heart would be hammering in my chest.

"So I love to play the heroine now. I've fallen into more pools than I could count and been rescued by men handsome and ugly, but all with thrilling results. Yes, my pussy gets wet when my toes first slice through the water and the chill courses up my nyloned legs. My skirt always billows up around my hips and when my painted pussy slaps the water a pre-orgasmic shiver rocks me.

"Then I'm under, fighting my skirt, shucking my shoes as my stockinged legs pump for the surface to suck in a gasping breath, and a scream for help, as all I allow myself. Then it's back under, the water closing around me like a cold caress, and my passion mounts. Even if my rescuer gets to me right away I struggle with him for awhile to prolong the thrill. It's the up and





down that fires me, the quick gulp of air, followed by the liquid smother of water closing in. Struggling with my rescuer also heightens the sense of sex. It's like we're fucking under water, something I also enjoy.

"When I feel myself on the verge of passing out I let my rescuer pull me from the water. Oh, and no woman ever posed more fetchingly in her wet, clinging clothes. I choose things that will be rendered virtually transparent by water so I know my show is causing lots of guilty boners in the 'concerned' onlookers. Sometimes I let my legs sag apart so my pussy crotch is exposed while I'm being brought back to life. If they look closely at it they'll see it's saturated with my milk—I look forward to getting alone so I can masturbate, and oh, bless me, how quickly I cum!

"I know my passions will sound strange to many of you, but I suspect there are some out there who understand very well. My confession is for you, and may your masturbation be enhanced by the telling."



MARIAH:

Royal Tease

My black sisters sometimes roll their eyes and complain about hearing men call them exotic. Get over it, I say. When I have some white man asking me to be his African princess, I get off on it in a big way. Maybe that's because my father was white and I never liked him after he split with my mom and me. Now my being dark-skinned—the very thing that made



him desert me—has you guilt-ridden liberal white men begging to serve me sexually.

"Usually it starts at work. You notice me and make a point of dropping by my desk every day. So I make a point of changing my stockings in front of you. As casually as possible you head for the men's room. I get a laugh out of that.

"This goes on for a month. Sooner or later I feel like sitting at my desk with no panties under a knee-length skirt. You walk up and say hello, and I flash you the finest beaver you've ever seen. I can see your cock swell inside your trousers. You stand there with your jaw hanging, wondering what to say, until I pounce and suggest you visit the men's room, like you usually do, after visiting me. And you do, blushing like a teenager.

"A week goes by, during which I ignore you on purpose. I tell you not to bother me when I'm working.



Then one morning I leave a note on your desk telling you to rent a suite at the best hotel in the city. When I arrive that night you're so horny you're flushed pink. That's when the real flirting starts.

"I know exactly how to act cute, and I like doing it. When you get your first glimpse of my fine, firm ass, you'll swear to do anything I tell you. And believe me, I mean to take you up on that. I like long, vigorous oral worship. I like having my asshole licked until you can't move your tongue anymore. I want every inch of my tender brown thighs nibbled. Most of all, I like to see you crawl. If it makes you feel better about all the injustice you white men committed against the African-American race to grovel at my brown feet, then grovel away. It definitely gives me a thrill to fuck white ass.

"Just forgive me if I call you 'Daddy'."





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IN THE PARIS METRO

LEG SHOW 39

Photos by Roy Stuart





Like the American subways, waits can be long and frustrating in the Paris Metro. This young lady's train had been delayed for over half an hour and she grew restless. As often happens, she seemed to spot us early on, but continued her casual exposure. Though she couldn't help the great view we got from under the



platform, there is always the suspicion the girls are showing off. You know how they deny it, but she must have felt the cool air on her parted crotch and known it was deliciously exposed. We believe this young beauty, a Scandinavian tourist perhaps, was tiring us simply out of boredom, casually basking erections in the pants of her many male admirers just to pass the time. Our hearts nearly stopped when she raised her lithe, lovely legs up onto the bench to expose one succulent cunt lip escaping her panties. It's these epicureal

treasures life flings us that makes a peeper's life so rich, n'est-ce pas?

"The real pearl of this adventure was when we followed our beauty into a deserted corner of the railway yard. The bathrooms of all

subways are notoriously unsafe, so our sweet tourist chose the danger of exposure over the danger of the public toilets. Ah, precious moment! I am very pleased to share it with you, my fellow appreciators."





Tyler/Rolando Texas area. Would like a lasting correspondence with person who can supply me with exotic lace, stretch skin, vintage photos of Aphrodite belts wearing white plastic, kites. Some of Ringer's Amber boxes, well return items. J.C., P.O. Box 1135, Rutherford, NJ 07070-1135

21-year-old SWM, free foot service. Would like to meet single women or couples for foot work. Please send letter and photo of your feet to: Fernando, P.O. Box 271206, San Jose, CA 95127

SWM, 20, seeks hot babes who love a hot tongue to the year and a foot worship. Also, Patricia Moore, would love to hear from you. R 618 - 2303 Parker St., Pine Bluff, AR 71601

Published writer, 36, will correspond with dominant women and submissive men about female domination, foot worship, and more. Transvestites especially welcome. Exchange two stamps and get my article on the superiority of women. B. Wilson, P.O. Box 91-668, Chicago, IL 60637

Attn: Ladies: Good-looking SWM, 32, expert footman & high heel booter available to satisfy your every desire, from head to heel. Very discreet, no inquisitive reply. Bob, Box 414, Ship Bottom, NJ 08068

PERSONAL SERVICES

This new section is for people with services to sell. It is advised that you will be asked for money when you answer these ads, and LEG SHOW cannot be responsible for quality or delivery of these goods. If you would like to place an ad in PERSONAL SERVICES, please contact:

Alan Stone, c/o LEG SHOW, 462 Broadway, New York, NY 10013 (see details)

Attn: Ladies: Buffalo, NY ladies 20-30. Do you have gorgeous legs, like to show them, and prefer stockings, garter belts and heels? This gentlemen, attractive, clean, single white male, very young 45, would like to meet you. Send descriptive letter, photo, photo to: Bookholder, P.O. Box 702, Buffalo, NY 14240

SWINGERS MAGAZINE: America's number one living magazine with uncensored photos of sexy ladies in lingerie. Your personal guide to meet the hot people from coast-to-coast. (No marriage, age, signature required.) Send \$14 (postpaid) to: M. Sales, 3400 Market St., #307-L, San Francisco, CA 94112

I love wearing my tight, elegant skirt and pantyhose underneath. I get wet when people look at my long, hairy legs all the way up. For a pair of my wet nylon see 522 magazine/advertisers check to S. Jacobs, c/o 13601 Ventura Blvd., #279, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

Marine woman with impressive yet playful presence, a trim body, curvaceous legs, sculpted fingernails, 5 1/2 inch. Models: light heels, corsets, tight stockings, and other fetish items. For details and sample photo send \$5 (deductible from first order) to: Suite 126, 9671 East 36th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11229

make a life long commitment with, and begin the daily pampering of her beautiful feet. You'll be happily surprised if you take this chance! Pat, Box 1990, Cleveland, OH 44115

S-WM, 26, seeks correspondence with anyone interested in legs enclosed in plastic coats, and to own photos of video name: Kay #1903, 5334 Yonge St., North York, Ontario, M2N 6M2, Canada

Young, beautiful, horny MMW seeks serious friendship with mature, much older female somewhere on Long Island (NY) Catalinas, unaltered, and foot fetish. All races and sizes welcome. Your feet must really stink! Discrimination selection guaranteed. Drop answer from T., P.O. Box 871, Kings Park, NY 11754

Brand new leg & foot service! Never needed the above of stockings/pantyhose before. I'd like the best of legs, nylon chafers, but little to like. Two people to afford only expensive video. I'm new to this game. What do I do? Help! Adam, P.O. Box 1073, Atlanta, IL 62002

Devoted, caring, sensitive, and gentle SWM, 32, with fetish for pretty female feet desires discreet meetings with lean, slim, mature ladies who like having their soles kissed and toes sucked. All answered with SASE. Joe

PERSONAL PLEASE

PERSONAL PLEASE is a service to help people meet each other for personal relationships. It is not here to serve for those selling photos, services or items of clothing. Ads of this nature will not be run, though readers should note that it is not possible for us to screen all ads. SO ANSWER ADS AT YOUR OWN RISK. Ads are accepted free of charge and not reviewed 50 words. Ads LONGER THAN

M, P.O. Box 6023, Middleburg, NY 10980

Red Flash Attractive, well-endowed, SWM, 41, and women who love to dance, act, show off as hot, fiery, kinky can take. Send leg, many, explicit letter to me. All answered. Rose, 1790 O. Harbor #128, St. Louis, Anaheim, CA 92802

I'm Latin male, 5'7", 150 lbs., 20 years old, professional, funny, handsome, and looking for a woman with open mind who likes to experiment with all, including double relationship. If you want, send photo and phone number and I'll answer. T.H.U., Apartado postal 812, CP-08500, Reynosa, Tamaulipas, Mexico

My gyps, wanna see my picture? Naughty babe who loves wearing man's skirts and looking her panties for men. Love to tease as name, sand, cheerleader, or schoolgirl. Lots of photos & videos available. Special request welcome. Write: Eric, 649 E. Shaw #133, Fresno, CA 93709

Nylon Glamour on VHS: New concept, you choose jumpsuit or on. Dimples Dimples, leg cleavage, reinforced for stockings, seven sizes of nylon, heels, arches, g-belts, leg garters, pretty faces, and detailed hair. Available on video monthly. Inquire: Mrs. SAGE and S2 to Wadsworth, P.O. Box 302, Hammonville, NY 11603

Sex on public places from two women into the air, we say, but, that's the thing, caught at a moment, made and action public attraction! We have photos, videos to share. 52 gets sample to Wynn, Box 217, Waco, TX 76781

High heels—well worn, used, size 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

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Partly-Angel, 31 years—love your legs and ass. You're perfect in stockings and panties. I've been masturbating every day since. I turned your two little pictures. Please Reply, write back to me. And any other ladies interested in mutual masturbation. J.O., P.O. Box 154, Huntington Sta., NY 11746

SWM, 26, 5'11", 150 lbs., artist, sexually submissive, enjoys serving beautiful women. Please call on the evening (212) 284-0905. No phone sex or correspondence desired

Handsome male silver fox, 35, seeks all ladies and gentlemen with pretty legs and feet for correspondence, photo trade, phone talk. Can be dominant or submissive. Love to talk high heels and sexy pretty toes. P.O. Box 2720, West Hack, CT 06336

Hello ladies! I am a SWM, 33, 6 ft., 200 lbs. I love looking on pretty toes, kicking feet and eating & sucking out pussy at night. Ladies,

if you love to be sucked off please write with photo phone to Steve Suez, 34-22 34th Street, Jackson Heights, NY 11372

A Jackson, Oct '91 "Leg Room"—Wow! Wish that were me in "Getting His Kicks." I too have a strong attraction to dominant women's sporting feelings, very long fingernails, muscular legs, short skirts, and spike heels. Have to meet me, or more. Please write: T.R., 19 Decatur Lane, Seldenville, NY 10681

Ladies, if you are interested in having your feet licked, sucked, or anything else, I am your man. Please write soon. Photos appreciated. Let me see your painted toes. T.R., P.O. Box 6154, Glenwood, CT 06040

Ladies in R.I. and Mass. I'm 35 yrs old, well built all ways and would love to hear from and meet you all ways to wear pantyhose (sheer, fishnet, garter, etc.), nylon, garter belts, heels and man's underwear. Write: M., P.O. Box 3541, Cranston, RI 02913

Unmarried couple will share trade photos of her sexy bare feet, luscious legs, and bare ass. Have nylons, made, full-sized (sheer, fishnet, garter, etc.), nylon, garter belts, heels and man's underwear. Write: M., P.O. Box 3541, Cranston, RI 02913

Collector of photos of any female feet will trade with others who are interested in corresponding with the Sex Witch of Michigan and the Fast Gun of New Jersey to obtain photos. Looking for photos of sexy sides. John, P.O. Box 192, Park Ridge, IL 60066

Couple—She's 39, blonde, very trainable. He's 25, well built with a strong foot fetish looking for dominant females. Any dominant ladies interested in making a couple and foot worship include SASE with photo to David, Box 3602, Philadelphia, PA 19128

D-WM, 45, 5'8", 160 lbs., seeks women who enjoy a prolonged tongue bath on their entire body. Pantyhose photo please. Carol H. Trepaine, P.O. Box 107, Lake Lake, WI 53083

Attn: VHS and Beta collections, trade only over 100 amateur tapes featuring garter in garters and pantyhose. Will trade only with other traders who have tapes to give. List for list. Ron Meyer, 303 Ocean Ave., Suite 326, Alhambra, PA 19002

Tickle me! I would like to take a newsletter on the subject of tickling. To do this I need some true stories from Leg Show readers. If you are interested please send your stories, letters, and photos to M.C., P.O. Box 257, 255 Main Bay Ave., Colchester, VT 05446

Handsome who enjoys showing off his wife in foundation and underwear photos is seeking correspondence and friendship with those who would truly enjoy his efforts. Not selling anything, just a hobby, so replies may be limited. Please send SASE to: Boshelcher, P.O. Box 346, Teaneck, NJ 07666



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